

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUTH KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE PHILOSOPHER DISTURBED.

THE MILL OF FRAUENBURG.

CHAPTER I.

THE aged and far-famed Copernicus sat in the observatory which he had constructed for himself at Frauenburg, buried in the contemplation of the stars. He surveyed with devout ecstasy the unmeasured vault of heaven, far beyond the Frische Haff, which lay spread before him like a crystal mirror, and reached to the distant downs of the sea, that bounded the horizon. His heart was filled with devout adoration of the Father above the stars, who manifests his almighty power as much in

the worm which writhes in the dust as in the wonders of the heavens; and his soul was raised in devotion to the eternal and omnipresent God.

It was a beautiful mild summer evening; not a cloud dimmed the sky, and the silvery moon trod her measured path like the shepherdess and guide of the stars, that shone with cheerful rays. On the surface of the Frische Haff, whose depths, like another sky, reflected the moon and stars, a fishing-boat glided hither and thither with its brightly glittering sails; and a quiet calm had spread itself over the whole scene.

The sage observed the apparent course of the stars

with enlightened eyes; for a wonderful knowledge of the laws of nature had been revealed to him. Truths respecting the motion of the earth and other planets arose before his mental vision, and shone forth as clearly as the brilliant orb around which our earth revolves in her appointed course. Myriads of worlds and solar systems passed before his delighted eyes; and science, with its inscrutable depths, lay before him like a rich shaft, which, opened by the miner's industry, displays its treasures of gold and silver.

But a gentle knock disturbed his contemplations; and when he opened the door, the amiable Elsbeth (the daughter of the cabinet-maker who resided at the foot of the hill) modestly entered.

"Forgive me, reverend sir," she said, breathlessly, as she respectfully kissed the friendly hand extended to her, "for disturbing you at so late an hour in the midst of your sublime observations. I have come to claim your medical aid and well-known humanity. Only think! just as my parents and I had completed our evening devotions, and were about to retire to rest, a deep sigh and a heavy fall at our door reached our ears. When we looked out, we saw a young man lying there, almost lifeless, a faint breathing giving the only sign that life was not quite extinct. While my parents removed him into our little abode, I hastened up the hill to your house, and was directed here to you. If advice and help are still available, you, who are always ready to aid the suffering, will assuredly do what you can for him."

"Only follow me, my child," replied the worthy ecclesiastic, as he descended the stairs; "I will immediately look out for some drops and suitable herbs, and then accompany you to the invalid."

They soon reached his own house; and, while he is in search of his medicines in one of the wainscot presses in the room, we have, with the waiting Elsbeth, time to take a survey of his apartment. Not far from the window we see a large oaken table, on which lie spread books and manuscripts; curious implements and instruments, which might probably serve him for his astronomical observations, stand about the room, and several pictures representing persons and landscapes ornament its simple walls.

Copernicus soon collected the necessary remedies, threw a warm cloak about him, and walked with his careful guide down the hill to the neighbouring hut, where his aid was expected. The humane and honest parents of the amiable Elsbeth had in the meantime placed the stranger in a warm bed. He appeared to be a travelling workman, and the child of respectable parents. All their efforts had failed to restore him to consciousness, and they therefore waited with anxiety. The listening mother at last heard her daughter's voice, and opened the door to the highly-respected canon.

"We were well aware, reverend sir, that you would certainly come; for what sufferer has yet sought your aid in vain? See, there lies the youth whom God has been pleased to commit to our care. Can he be saved?"

Thus did the old woman address the canon, after the usual greetings were over, while she led him to the bedside of the invalid.

"All things are possible with God, dear Mother Helbron," replied Copernicus, who then felt the pulse of the invalid, and, after having examined it for some time, poured a few of the drops he had brought with him into his mouth, ordered a fire to be prepared on the hearth, and asked for a clean skillet. In the latter he prepared a wholesome decoction of the herbs he had brought, to be given to the patient, who had already

begun to revive under the effects of the drops, and to show signs of returning consciousness. His condition seemed to be very dangerous, and the canon promised to return on the following day. Elsbeth carefully conducted him up the hill, and then hastened home, to share with her mother, the care of the stranger.

After the lapse of a few hours the invalid awoke, looked in astonishment about the room, and at the listening Elsbeth, who, seated on a stool at the foot of the bed, had been watching his pale but pleasing features.

"God be praised! he lives," she whispered to her mother, who was resting on an easy chair near her. "Do you wish for anything?" she then inquired, with sympathizing voice, of the stranger, who was still staring about him with astonishment.

"I am very thirsty," he replied, with a weak and wearied voice.

The violence of the fever would not allow him to say or ask anything more. The kind-hearted young woman then handed him the draught that Copernicus had prepared, which he applied to his burning lips, and, swallowing eagerly the cool, refreshing medicine, he sank back on his pillow with a grateful look at the maiden, and returned to his former state of unconsciousness.

CHAPTER II.

COPERNICUS retired to rest with the delightful feeling of having been made useful to a fellow-creature, and awoke refreshed and happy, as the rays of the morning sun shone cheerfully through his window, and a swallow, which had built her ingenious nest in a wall near it, had begun to twitter her little morning song.

A beautiful dream had wafted him over centuries to come, and shown him how his name and merits should continue to live with undying fame in the minds of a grateful posterity. It encouraged him to commit his discoveries to the press, for the criticism and judgment of a reflecting future. Hitherto he had communicated them only as secrets to his most trusted friends, because superstition and priestcraft would not permit truth to come to light. Who can think such a dream extraordinary? Might not a great idea, which for many years had uninterruptedly engaged the mind of a great thinker, sometimes recur in dreams, and there convert the pictures of his phantasy into realities?

Yet few men are free from a certain sort of superstition; and Copernicus thought that he saw in these dreams a Divine inspiration, and thanked the Creator of the world for this consoling and encouraging revelation. He had already, for some years, been a canon at Frauenburg, to which he had been appointed through the influence of his noble uncle, Lucas Watzelrod, Bishop of Ermeland, in 1506. He surveyed his past career with deep gratitude to the wise Providence which had guided him, like a traveller who, in ascending a high mountain, sometimes looks back, and in the prospect below, and the remarkable progress he has made, acquires fresh encouragement for the rest of his difficult journey.

His eyes involuntarily fell on the pictures with which he had decorated his simple room; some he had painted himself, and others had been given to him as memorials by dear friends, and they strongly recalled to his mind the happy time he had spent in glorious Italy. Here was a picture of the wonderful Coliseum which he had himself painted when he was at Rome in 1500, occupied as a teacher of mathematics, with considerable credit to himself. What entrancing memorials of all times are there associated with the monuments which thus meet the traveller at every step! He thought, with quiet sorrow, of the many dear friends whom he had

found there. Not a few of them had preceded him to another world, and among them Bramante d'Urbino, who in 1513 laid the foundation of St. Peter's Cathedral, an edifice still considered the masterpiece of architecture. His friend Michael Angelo (born in 1474, died in 1564), however, who was only a year younger than himself, and with whom he had contracted a steady and intimate friendship in youth, then still lived at Rome. He had recently rejoiced Copernicus with tidings of himself, and filled the old imperial city of the world and Europe with the fame of his high Art. His works still excite the admiration of connoisseurs, and have rendered his name immortal. Copernicus was indebted to his instructions for the facility he had acquired in painting, with which (even at the time of which we speak) he sometimes occupied his leisure, by way of refreshment, when arduous and scientific pursuits rendered moments of recreation a duty. Here was a villa on the charming banks of the Brenta, where once, on an excursion through the glorious district of Padua, he had become acquainted with a lady whose superior mind and virtuous qualities had often charmed him. He was indebted to her attractive society for the pleasantest hours of his life; but Bianca, herself sprung from a rich patrician family, was compelled, in obedience to her parents' wishes, to unite herself to a man of equal birth and wealth. Yet her image still lived, in youthful freshness, and wreathed with unfading roses, in the heart of her friend, whose noble forehead was already encircled with silver locks. No other love had supplanted her in his heart; and thenceforward he devoted himself with the greater earnestness to science and his sacred office, when his uncle appointed him, while still young, to a canonry at Fraenburg. Here, in Padua, to which town the Italians had given the cognomen of "La Dotta," the learned, Copernicus had attained the degree of Doctor in Medicine. He had also studied the healing art at the University of Cracow. Although he pursued the medical science only as an auxiliary occupation, he was held in such high esteem, from the success of his prescriptions, that not only the whole neighbourhood claimed his medical aid, but he was, in urgent cases, summoned even to the court at Königsberg.*

The Italian pictures which ornamented the walls of Copernicus's room were to him associated with pleasant memories of the youth and the man. They led his thoughts away to Italy's mild skies, when the northern winter, with its accompaniments of ice and snow, covered Prussia's plains, and the surface of the Frische Haff was encrusted with a motionless sheet of ice. They conducted him through the orange groves of the south, and to its lovely, verdant myrtle bowers, when, without, the leafless oaks and limes wore the form of death.

The old man could gaze for hours at these mementoes of the past, and cheer his heart with the memories they recalled. He was indulging himself in this enjoyment, when the cathedral bells solemnly and earnestly called him to his sacred duties, which he always discharged with punctuality and exactness. When these were fulfilled, he proceeded to the abode of honest Helbron, to look after the invalid.

* The private archives of Königsberg have preserved a correspondence between Copernicus and the Duke of Prussia, Markgrave Albert of Brandenburg, in 1541, two years previous to the death of the former. This correspondence informs us that Copernicus then proceeded to Königsberg, at the Duke's request, to render medical aid to George von Kuhnheim, the Ducal Councillor and Chieftain of Tapien. There are two letters from Copernicus and two from the Chapter regarding this affair, in one of which leave is granted, and in the other it is prolonged. We do not know if there is documentary or historical authority for the present narrative, but as it is accepted in the district as traditionally true, we are unwilling to throw doubt on so touching a tale.

He found the active master engaged in his workshop, and, greeting him kindly, passed into the room which the good people had given up to their protégé.

Here he found Elsbeth seated at the window engaged with her sewing. She respectfully kissed the hem of the welcome visitor's garment, and received his blessing.

The stranger continued in the same state of unconsciousness. Heavy drops of sweat (which the careful Elsbeth wiped away with a linen cloth) poured from his face, and his breathing was difficult and uneasy. The object of Copernicus in administering the draught the previous day was to produce this perspiration, and it was to him a certain sign of recovery, if no unexpected hindrance occurred. He carefully watched the patient for some time, made arrangements for probable changes in the disease, and soothed Elsbeth's anxiety with the assurance that the danger was already passed, although his complete recovery would probably require several weeks. Old Mother Helbron (who was engaged in the kitchen when the worthy ecclesiastic arrived) had hastily exchanged her soiled apron for a clean white one, and put on her Sunday cap, in order to receive her honoured visitor with due respect, and now hurried into the little room to ascertain what there was to hope or fear for the invalid.

When Copernicus had repeated his assurance to the good old dame, he added, "I am aware that your means are not very large, and that the care of an invalid causes much inconvenience and anxiety. Shall I make arrangements for removing him elsewhere, as soon as he is able?"

"No, no, reverend sir," she exclaimed; "God has evidently chosen us to act the part of the compassionate Samaritan to this young man, and you would not deprive us of the heavenly gratification? No, no; do not be uneasy on our account; my dear Elsbeth and I will look upon the poor lad as a son and brother: shall we not, my dear little daughter?"

"Certainly, dear mother; I shall neglect nothing that the reverend gentleman prescribes for his restoration."

"Then may the Father above the skies bestow his blessing on your pious zeal," said the canon, touched with their generosity, and he returned to his own home.

CHAPTER III.

MANY weeks had elapsed since the last scene, and the convalescent was now able to inhale for some hours the fresh mid-day air, in the garden attached to Helbron's house. He had now so far recovered as to be able to thank his kind guardians for their benevolence, give them a brief account of his circumstances, and place in the hands of Mother Helbron a small sum of money, which should in some degree reimburse the expense which his residence with the family had occasioned. But the noble woman preferred denying herself many customary comforts, and therefore laid the money aside privately, to return it to her protégé on his departure. His name was Reinhold Hartmann, and he was the son of a citizen of Königsberg. Brought up as a miller, he had been employed at the ducal mill, and had obtained the most commendable testimonials, not only of his skill, but also of his moral worth and exemplary conduct. At the close of his apprenticeship he was appointed an assistant at the mill of Dantzic*, with very good wages. He had strapped on his bundle and bidden his parents and

* This mill, constructed in the first half of the 14th century by the Teutonic Order, was granted in 1454 by King Casimir, by a special privilege, to the Recht Stadt, or best portion of the city, which extended it to eighteen overshot mill-works, and furnished them out to the best advantage for the city exchequer.

relatives adieu, with a cheerful heart, to proceed towards his new home. On the second day of his journey he had alternate attacks of heat and cold, of which, however, he thought nothing, until, deprived of his senses, he had fallen at that door which had been opened to him with so much kindness and benevolence. This was the simple career of the poor traveller, through whom we became acquainted with Copernicus in his humane and blessed exertions. Copernicus had long been attached to the Helbron family; he had often aided the worthy master in word and deed, and had, in his turn, derived much assistance from his skill, in the preparation of various instruments which were of service to him in his astronomical and mathematical pursuits. Elsbeth, the pious and exemplary maiden, who had now attained her twentieth year, was his god-daughter, and had been, from early childhood, the object of his care and attention; which she repaid with the deepest reverence and child-like attachment.

Reinhold, an honest and uncorrupted youth, was daily with the cheerful and thrifty maiden, who had attended him with unwearied zeal and the most entire absence of affectation; she treated her parents with the most careful attention, and always fulfilled her little household duties with assiduity. Nor had Nature been niggardly in her gifts to her; and, when the youths of her town numbered its pretty girls, she was not named the last. Kindness of heart and virtuous conduct, however, adorn a maiden more than all external beauty and fine clothing; and these were expressly the qualities with which Reinhold had daily an opportunity of becoming most familiar in his modest nurse, and which made him aspire to obtain her as his beloved wife, and the respected mistress of his house, as the most desirable possession.

Nor was she indifferent to the excellent Reinhold; she gently returned his hearty pressure of the hand, and, blushing, cast down her eyelids when his faithful blue eyes were fixed on her face with ardent pleasure.

When, at last, he had completely recovered his health and prepared to continue his journey, both were aware of the feelings that they entertained towards each other; but the dutiful customs of that day forbade their discovering their feelings until they had ascertained the wishes of their parents, and obtained their consent to such a step.

Elsbeth's parents, however, seemed by no means disposed to favour the idea of allowing their dear little daughter to be withdrawn from themselves.

The day of separation daily drew nearer, when Reinhold at last assumed courage, and, with beating heart, went to the parents, thanked them with the deepest feeling for all the love and kindness they had shown to him, and begged them to bestow the hand of their daughter upon him.

"It is," he added, "only by granting this request that you will enhance the value of that life for the preservation of which, under the Divine blessing, I am indebted to your humanity."

The parents, who were evidently prepared for the event, were silent for a while, and then old Helbron replied—"What we have done for you is only a Christian's duty, which our blessed Saviour has commanded, and needs no thanks; but, if you imagine that you are indebted to us, how can you think of depriving us of our only and beloved child? See! we are an aged and frail couple, drawing every day nearer the grave, and needing more and more the care of our child; and shall we allow the staff of our old age to go with you into a strange place, and shall we ourselves remain helpless behind? Do not interrupt me. I know what you

would say—that we might accompany you thither," continued the old man, as the other was about to answer; "but you have not sufficiently reflected on your condition nor ours. You will scarcely have enough for your own subsistence; and we old people will only prove an additional burthen to you. You are an honest, upright youth; and I would gladly have called you my son-in-law if you had been a clever cabinet-maker; but it cannot be so. Here I have my customers, good friends, faithful neighbours, and such like; and we desire that our Elsbeth should close her dear mother's and my eyes when the Lord of life and death shall summon us before him. There is no mill in this town at which you can obtain your livelihood; and I have already selected a skilful, industrious lad, who is soon to enter my house as an able assistant; and, if he fulfil my expectations, he shall become the husband of my Elsbeth, and succeed to my custom and house. She, who has been educated in obedience, and in the fear of God, will eventually be happy with him, although she may now be attached to you; for the happiness of children depends upon the blessing of the parents and their own submission to their wishes. Go, therefore, with our best wishes, and seek elsewhere an honest wife; this is the best return which you can make us.

Reinhold stood still, as if struck by a thunderbolt; but what could or should he urge against this resolution of the parents? He kissed their hands with filial respect, and left their friendly roof without resentment, but hopeless and sad at heart.

He met the weeping Elsbeth in the garden; and, after telling her the result of his interview with her father, with a heavy heart he bade her farewell. He then ascended the Cathedral Hill, to offer his best thanks and bid affectionate farewell to his benefactor and protector.

The growing attachment of the young people had not escaped the observation of the sympathizing canon. He soon discovered the cause of Reinhold's dejection; and, bidding him be of good cheer, and await his return home, he himself proceeded to old Helbron's house; and, after a short absence (which, however, seemed long to the expectant youth), he returned to his young visitor with a cheerful look.

"Be comforted and hopeful, my son," said Copernicus. "If your attachment to Elsbeth is genuine, and not a fleeting feeling, then return in a year and a day. If you have then proved yourself a good and honest man, as I now believe you to be, and if your testimonials indicate that you have shown yourself apt in your employment, then I will myself marry you to my dear god-daughter Elsbeth."

The young journeyman then proceeded on his way to Dantzic, with a lighter heart and more cheering hopes.

LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY M. L. WHATELY.

IV.—THE MONTH OF RAMADAN.

THE great Mohammedan fast, so called, is unlike any of the Roman Catholic fasts, and those of the Oriental Christians, in that it does not consist in abstaining from meat or butter, or any particular article, but in absolutely refraining from eating or drinking a single mouthful, and also from smoking, during the entire day from sunrise to sunset. As it varies in the season* (though always lasting four weeks), the burden is much heavier

* The Fast of Ramadan began this year on the 28th of January, and ended on the 26th of February.

in hot weather than when it comes round in winter. No one who knows the heat of an Egyptian summer or spring can fail to appreciate the misdirected self-denial of the infatuated followers of the false prophet, in abstaining from a draught of water, even when engaged as boatmen on the river, while the burning sun creates a thirst like that of a fever.

Truly, "men bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne," on each other, saying to the ignorant, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." We have an example of this bondage in many ways, in the course of Ramadan, while dwelling in a land where still thick darkness reigns over the minds of men.

When the great fast is just begun, every one you meet seems talking about it; for the face of society is changed at once. Those who can, rest by day, and all eat in the night, when they ought to be sleeping; and one constantly overhears the people discussing how well they fast, how such a neighbour broke fast, how ill it makes them, and yet how religiously they endure it, etc. Indeed, it sometimes appears, if one overhears two persons, old or young, men or women, talking together within the first three days of Ramadan, as if they were employed in conjugating the verb "to fast." I learned several of the tenses in this manner.

Self-righteousness reigns triumphant in this season; for, though a breach of the fast is a sin in their opinion, the keeping of it is positive merit, as their false teachers tell them, and will win favour and reward from God.

In the Moslem quarters all shops not belonging to Christians or Jews are closed during the forenoon, or the greater part of it: not that this is by rule; but the people, being up all night, of course sleep till mid-day, unless actual necessity obliges them to be awake; and, contrary to Moslem usage, at other times many shops and stalls remain open till past midnight. The noise and bustle in the streets continue so long, that those few Christians who live in Moslem quarters find it hard to get their accustomed rest, as often it is near daylight before the loud voices, singing, quarrelling, or conversing under the windows, have ceased. God's word says that "man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening," and that "at night the beasts of the forest do creep forth;" but man in his folly often reverses the merciful arrangements of Providence, and changes night into day, forgetting that he is not similar in constitution to a beast of prey, and must pay the penalty of acting against nature, by the injury more or less to health. Would that this mistake were confined to ignorant Mohammedans!

Dawn of day, in the month of Ramadan, is no longer ushered in by cheering voices of labourers going to their daily employment, and young girls singing in chorus as they come in from the country with baskets of white cheese or bundles of fodder on their heads. Here and there a Coptic woman is heard crying milk or vegetables, for the benefit of Christians in her neighbourhood, and a peasant or two may be seen silently plodding along with food for cattle; but for the most part the street is dull and quiet. The golden beams of the sun shine out in vain for those who were up all night; though this loss they share with too many in Christian lands, who turn night into day, not because their religion but their diversions require it.

As the day advances, a few tired, sleepy-looking women appear on the housetops and in the street, they being always the first up; by degrees the workmen come out of their dens (for the poorer class of habitations in Egypt are no better) with a sulky expression, probably having the headache from eating hearty meals at

midnight, and then fasting for twelve or fourteen hours, according to the time of year. Quarrels are more frequent this month than at other times; and divorces are said to be commoner than at any other period. The disputes heard and seen in the streets, both among men and women, become indeed more and more numerous as the month advances, and the sins of the tongue are sadly abundant. Well did our Divine Master say to his disciples, that not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth. The poor lad who refuses to allay his burning thirst with one drop of water, while driving a donkey for miles on a hot day, will pour out curses on his comrade at the most trifling provocation, without compunction; and the husband who beats his poor silly little wife, of fourteen or fifteen years old, till her arms are black with bruises, because she neglected some little matter in the house, will hold up his head with intense pride and self-satisfaction as a "righteous man," because he did not touch his pipe, nor drink his favourite cup of coffee, once during the daylight hours in Ramadan. One feels that Satan must be well pleased at this time, while the servants of God sigh as they look around them and cry, "How long, O Lord!"

But to proceed: as the day advances, the streets become peopled again; though even in the afternoon, if one looks into the shops, many of the artisans will be found half or wholly asleep. Still, going into a large weaver's room one day, which contained twelve or fifteen looms, I found only three of them at work; two men were asleep in the holes cut out of the clay floor in which they sit to weave, their turbaned heads and the folded hands, which served as pillows, being alone visible above ground: the rest of the workmen were absent. If one goes to visit a poor woman, it is as likely as not that one stumbles over what appears to be a dirty bundle, in the dim light of the windowless dwelling, but turns out to be the husband or son, rolled in his mantle and sleeping on a mat. If a poor woman's services are needed for house-cleaning, going an errand, or any such thing, it is in Ramadan a difficult matter to obtain her, and she makes quite a favour of it if she comes. "I am fasting" is the objection to doing anything in every one's mouth. Sick persons (though dispensed from the necessity) will generally refuse to take the smallest dose of medicine, or even drink, because the merit of abstinence is considered great in proportion to the suffering; some, however, avail themselves of the permission. A poor neighbour of mine, last year, sent to me for medicine in a sharp attack of illness, and I told her it would do no good unless taken every two or three hours through the day; she listened to my persuasions, and consented to take it, and, by God's blessing on the remedy, recovered quickly. But some women are so bigoted that they will not only refuse medicine when sick, but even abstain from food all day while nursing an infant; the poor child of course suffers severely from this cruel conduct. I do not imagine it is very common, however, as, though sadly ignorant, the poor Egyptian mothers are usually very affectionate.

At length the sun begins to sink behind the palm-tree tops, and the children, who are the only ones who have not fasted, begin to get very impatient for the sunset-gun; they are looking forward to the chief meal of the day, shared with father and mother, and to the revelry which will succeed the dulness of the day. The muezzin stands on the minaret tower, or on the mosque roof, if it be too humble a one to boast a tower, watching the gradual sinking of the golden orb; and, as it drops behind the bright curtain, and the western glow lights

up tree and dome for a few minutes, the cry is heard, the solemn truth, "There is *one God*;" followed by the falsehood linked to it, "Mohammed is the prophet of God!"

Soon the sonorous chant is drowned in the noisy shouts of the young rabble in the street, and groups are seen hurrying home to their supper, and preparing to begin the day. When the fast falls in winter, or late autumn, or early spring, as was the case last year, it is called "Lesser Ramadan;" the amount of inconvenience, though great, being so far less than when it falls in summer, when the length of the days and the extreme heat make the abstinence so prejudicial to the health, that a pestilence of some sort frequently follows.

It is said that many of the higher class secretly break the fast; but it appears to be strictly kept among the mass of the people. Certainly, hardly any Moslem seems to be in as good health at the end as at the commencement, which looks as if they adhered to the rule.

One advantage, however, has been happily obtained through the overruling power and grace of Him who can bring good out of evil. The numbers assembling in the coffee-houses are much greater than at other times, and the workmen and peasants, instead of going home to sleep after a little chat and a cup of coffee, sit for hours, during Ramadan, listening to story-tellers and smoking. The Syrian missionaries working in Cairo profited by this custom during the period of Ramadan, and a short extract from the journal of one of them will show the use they were permitted to make of it, and will be interesting to those who mourn over the darkness of the many thousands of the followers of Mohammed. It must be remembered that the extract is in the English of a foreigner, only corrected so far as was necessary to make it intelligible.

"Feb. 17.—This evening I went to the Babel Bahar, and found in a coffee-house about twenty Mohammedans sitting together. I sat with them, and opened my Bible, saying, 'Listen: these are the words of the prophets; hear what they say about our Lord Jesus.' I read the 33rd of Isaiah, explaining also, and from the history of Moses; I spent with them about three hours, and they were much pleased at these words.

"19th.—Went with my brother to the same coffee-house, and found some of those men who were there before. We read the 6th of St. Matthew to them; afterwards we read the account of the flood, and spoke also. They were pleased, and said, 'Every night, come here.'

"21st.—We found in a large coffee-house about a hundred and fifty men (some were outside, as the room would not hold all). I was for a long time asking God to make a way that I may have freedom to open the Bible and read, and God made me an opportunity. First I talked a little about worldly things, then sent a man to buy two candles, and told him to light one (the oil-lamp in these common coffee-houses being insufficient to read by); then I asked the people to listen, and read a chapter from the prophet Amos. I read the history of Jonah also, and then that of Moses; my voice grew hoarse from my reading. Then my brother came in, and we had much reading and speaking. I cannot tell what pleasure they showed. We must thank God, who has opened a door for the reading of his word.

"24th.—My brother and I were at the same coffee-house, and found nearly a hundred men (Mohammedans). We asked if they wished to hear the book; they said 'Yes;' and we read to them from the prophet Daniel first, and then from the Gospels. Some said, 'Without doubt these words are from God.'

"25th, 26th, 27th.—All these nights in coffee-houses,

sometimes sixty, sometimes eighty present, listening to our reading." Many similar notices will be found in the Reports of the Moslem Mission Society.

We must not suppose, from this willingness to *listen* to the Scriptures, that these poor ignorant men are on the point of becoming Christians—that they are as yet dissatisfied with their own faith, and earnestly inquiring after the truth: far from it; they are still content with their bondage, and feel not their chain. But it is surely a great cause for thankfulness that they will listen to God's word with interest, instead of driving away any Christian who should speak or open a book on the subject of religion, as was the case some years ago. The seed is being cast on the waters, and sooner or later it will bring forth fruit; and we must rejoice at the opening which God has seen fit to grant, and have faith in his promise, that his word shall not return to him void, but shall accomplish that which he shall please. Many may indeed *listen* without coming to the Saviour; but this is the case in our own enlightened country also. The Spirit, who searcheth the hearts of men, alone knows which among the hearers of the word will accept and receive it: the work of the missionary is only to *spread* the word, to *declare* the good tidings of salvation, and to trust God, who "giveth the increase" in his own good time to the seed sown and watered by his servants. We must surely hope and believe that some among these poor listeners, who have been so long crushed down by the heavy yoke of Satan, may sooner or later be led by the Spirit of God to throw it aside, and bow under the light yoke of Jesus, and to obey his tender invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

FACE-PAINTING.

"It is painfully notorious that the practice of face-painting, not merely in white, but in a regular plaster of pigments, is growing more and more common among Englishwomen, and that the youthful belles of society are even more addicted to these unworthy arts than their elders." Such was the remark of one of our leading newspapers lately, in commenting on a trial connected with a professional face-painter and enameller in London. The art seems to have attained to so high a state of perfection that it is difficult to say how far the journalist's assertion holds good. It is no new subject, even in England, for the pen of the moralist as well as the satirist, as the following letter of the poet Cowper will show:—

The subject of face-painting may be considered (I think) in two points of view. First, there is room for dispute with respect to the consistency of the practice with good morals; and, secondly, whether it be, on the whole, convenient or not may be a matter worthy of agitation. I set out with all the formality of logical disquisition, but do not promise to observe the same regularity any farther than it may comport with my purpose of writing as fast as I can.

As to the immorality of the custom, were I in France I should see none. On the contrary, it seems in that country to be a symptom of modest consciousness, and a tacit confession, of what all know to be true, that French faces have in fact neither red nor white of their own. This humble acknowledgment of a defect looks the more like a virtue, being found among a people not remarkable for humility. Again, before we can prove the practice to be immoral, we must prove immorality in the design of those who use it; either that they

intend a deception, or to kindle unlawful desires in the beholders. But the French ladies, so far as their purpose comes in question, must be acquitted of both these charges. Nobody supposes their colour to be natural for a moment, any more than if it were blue or green; and this unambiguous judgment of the matter is owing to two causes: first, to the universal knowledge we have, that Frenchwomen are naturally brown or yellow, with very few exceptions; and, secondly, to the inartificial manner in which they paint: for they do not, as I am satisfactorily informed, even attempt an imitation of nature, but besmear themselves hastily and at a venture, anxious only to lay on enough. Where, therefore, there is no wanton intention, nor a wish to deceive, I can discover no immorality. But in England (I am afraid) our painted ladies are not clearly entitled to the same apology. They even imitate nature with such exactness, that the whole public is sometimes divided into parties who litigate with great warmth the question, whether painted or not. This was remarkably the case with a Miss B—, whom I well remember. Her roses and lilies were never discovered to be spurious till she attained an age that made the supposition of their being natural impossible. This anxiety to be not merely red and white, which is all they aim at in France, but to be thought very beautiful, and much more beautiful than nature has made them, is a symptom not very favourable to the idea we would wish to entertain of the chastity, purity, and modesty of our countrywomen. That they are guilty of a design to deceive is certain; otherwise why so much art? and if to deceive, wherefore and with what purpose? Certainly either to gratify vanity of the silliest kind; or, which is still more criminal, to decoy and inveigle, and carry on more successfully the business of temptation. Here, therefore, my opinion splits itself into two opposite sides upon the same question. I can suppose a Frenchwoman, though painted an inch deep, to be a virtuous, discreet, excellent character; and in no instance should I think the worse of one because she was painted. But an English belle must pardon me if I have not the same charity for her. She is at least an impostor, whether she cheats me or not, because she means to do so; and it is well if that be all the censure she deserves.

This brings me to my second class of ideas upon this topic; and here I feel that I should be fearfully puzzled were I called upon to recommend the practice on the score of convenience. If a husband chose that his wife should paint, perhaps it might be her duty, as well as her interest, to comply. But I think he would not much consult his own, for reasons that will follow. In the first place, she would admire herself the more; and, in the next, if she managed the matter well, she might be more admired by others—an acquisition that might bring her virtue under trials to which otherwise it might never have been exposed. In no other case, however, can I imagine the practice in this country to be either expedient or convenient. As a general one, it certainly is not expedient, because in general Englishwomen have no occasion for it. A swarthy complexion is a rarity here; and the sex, especially since inoculation has been so much in use, have very little cause to complain that nature has not been kind to them in the article of complexion. They may hide and spoil a good one, but they cannot (at least they hardly can) give themselves a better. But, even if they could, there is yet a tragedy in the sequel which should make them tremble. I understand that in France, though the use of rouge be general, the use of white paint is far from being so. In England, she that uses one commonly

uses both. Now these white paints, or lotions, or whatever they may be called, are mercurial; consequently poisonous, consequently ruinous in time to the constitution. The Miss B— above mentioned was a miserable witness of the truth, it being certain that her flesh fell from her bones before she died. Lady Coventry was hardly a less melancholy proof of it; and a London physician perhaps, were he at liberty to blab, could publish a bill of female mortality of a length that would astonish us.

For these reasons I utterly condemn the practice as it obtains in England; and for a reason superior to all these, I must disapprove it. I cannot indeed discover that Scripture forbids it in so many words; but that anxious solicitude about the person which such an artifice evidently betrays, is, I am sure, contrary to the tenor and spirit of it throughout. Show me a woman with a painted face, and I will show you a woman whose heart is set on things of the earth and not on things above. But this observation of mine applies to it only when it is an imitative art; for in the use of Frenchwomen I think it is as innocent as in the use of the wild Indian, who draws a circle round her face, and makes two spots, perhaps blue, perhaps white, in the middle of it. Such are my thoughts upon the matter.*

TO CARIBOO AND BACK.

AN EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IV.—VICTORIA—VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

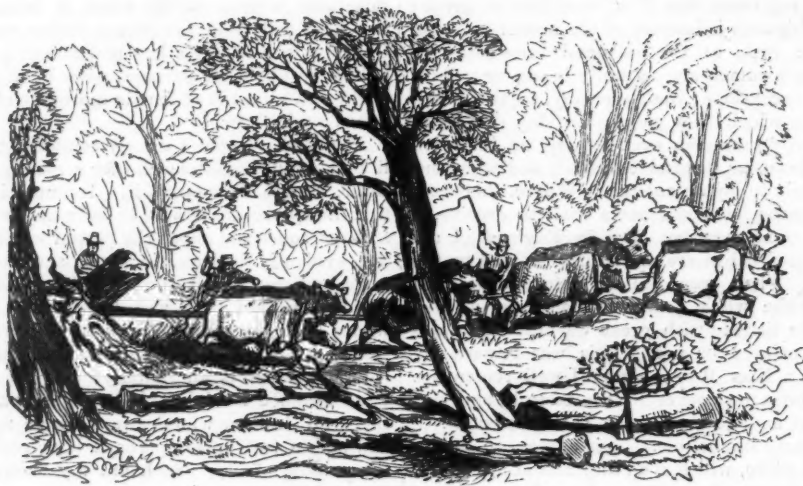
LEAVING San Francisco by the steamer "Sierra Nevada," in four days we reached Vancouver's Island and landed at Esquimault, a port about four miles from the capital, Victoria. Leaving our luggage in charge of a black porter, to be brought on by cart, we walked to Victoria, which place we found crowded with emigrants on their way to British Columbia. On arriving at night at the "Colonial Hotel," we were glad to have a billiard-room allotted us for our lodging-place, as all the bedchambers were filled. However, wrapping ourselves in blankets, we slept soundly on the floor, and so took our first repose in her Majesty's dominions on the Pacific.

The next day we spent in walking about Victoria. It is a rapidly increasing town, of about five thousand inhabitants. Its appearance is not very prepossessing, as the houses are built in the most irregular manner, some being erected with their sides and gable-ends to the street, others at some distance back, and small log cottages side by side, "promiscuously" with large hotels and government offices. Most structures are of wood, a few of brick, the pavements or side-ways being of wood. The position of Victoria, close to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and on the route to the Fraser's River settlements, indicates a prospect of permanent and increasing importance. Its port of Esquimault has recently been selected as the naval station for British ships of war in the Pacific, in lieu of Valparaiso. Most of the land "lots" in the vicinity of the town have been bought up by speculators, especially from San Francisco, and remain for the present "locked," till a great rise in value tempts their owners to sell out to parties really wishing to build upon them and settle there. But many *bonâ fide* emigrants have purchased land from ten to twenty miles distant from Victoria, and are generally prospering in their operations, the soil hereabouts being rich and fertile, and its price at present cheap. Bullock-teams are in

* Letter of William Cowper to Rev. W. Unwin. "Cowper's Life and Letters," p. 278. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

great demand for clearing the newly-bought land of timber and stumps: to draw the latter, eight or ten pair of beasts are often used.

commencing war. The latter has ceased to exercise ruling functions in these regions. A blessing it is for all concerned, when the military and naval representa-



DRAWING OUT TREE-STUMPS WITH CATTLE.

After a few days' stay at Victoria we re-embarked on a steamer, for the concluding portion of our long voyage from England to British Columbia. This part of it was, however, of short duration, as we reached our destination, New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, the evening of the same day on which we left Vancouver's Island; the distance being only about eighty miles.

tives of Great Britain, in her distant dependencies, are so temperate and judicious as the two officers just alluded to, acting as dignitaries fully able to maintain her power, without compromising her honour or plunging her into the horrors of bloodshed.

V.—BRITISH COLUMBIA—FRASER'S RIVER.

New Westminster at present consists mainly of one very broad street. Like Victoria, its houses are mostly of wood, but with many temporary tents interspersed. Our party erected one of the latter forthwith, on landing. The first night under it was very comfortless, as heavy rain poured down and trickled through the canvas in streams. As we were bound "up country" to the diggings, our stay in the capital was of the shortest possible duration, and we were speedily again on board a river-boat for Douglas. The Fraser's River is a noble stream, flowing seven hundred miles, from the Rocky



HOUSES AT DOUGLAS.

On our way we passed the celebrated island of San Juan, which is claimed both by the British and American governments, and is, for the present, jointly held by soldiers of the two nations. A few years ago this disputed territory very nearly led to a war between them. Indeed, the avoidance of such a terrible calamity was owing, under Providence, to the courteous but firm refusal of Admiral Baynes and Captain Hornby to comply with the orders issued by Governor Douglas for



GAOL AT DOUGLAS.

Mountains to the Gulf of Georgia, and, for the most part, through scenery of wild grandeur. New Westminster is fifteen miles from its mouth, and situated above a wide extent of fertile but low-lying land on the estuary

reference to the map, will assist in rendering our line of journeyings intelligible to the reader.

Our steamer, the "Colonel Moody," brought us in twenty hours to Douglas, a wooden-built town on a



THE START FROM LILOOETT.

shores. In its neighbourhood promising mines of coal have been discovered.

As we steamed up the Fraser we had fine views on our right of the Cascade Ranges and Mount Baker, in the adjacent United States territory. Our intended route was by the line of lakes; for there are two ways of proceeding from New Westminster to the upper mining regions of the Fraser. One is by the direct line of the river for the whole distance, by way of Hope, Yale, Lytton, and Fort Berens, a point one hundred and eighty-eight miles from the sea; but, as the river is not navigable higher than Fort Yale, and as its valley beyond that point is of the most rugged and precipitous nature, the generally adopted route to the upper country is by a *détour* of lakes, rivers, and portages, to the westward of the Fraser. Travellers by this line leave the latter river at the town of Carnarvon, and pass by the eight-mile-long Harrison River into Harrison Lake (thirty-seven miles in length), and so to Douglas; thence by Hot Springs, Lillooett Lake, Anderson River, and lakes Anderson and Seton, to Fort Berens, where the Fraser valley is again entered. The latter point is two hundred and twelve miles from the mouth of the river, by the route just indicated. Following the Fraser above Fort Alexander, or taking a more direct route across the mountains, and branching up the Quesnelle (a tributary from the east), the Cariboo diggings are reached. These lie north of Lake Cariboo, which is itself north of Lake Quesnelle, and about four hundred miles from the mouth of Fraser's River. This explanation, with

small lake at the north end of the larger and mountain-girt Harrison Lake. But we need not thus specially characterize any one lake in British Columbia, for every



CROSSING A RIVER ON A FELLEED TREE.

lake, pond, stream, or valley hereabouts is embedded in mountains: the latter, like pine-trees and mosquitoes, are universal features and facts of the country.

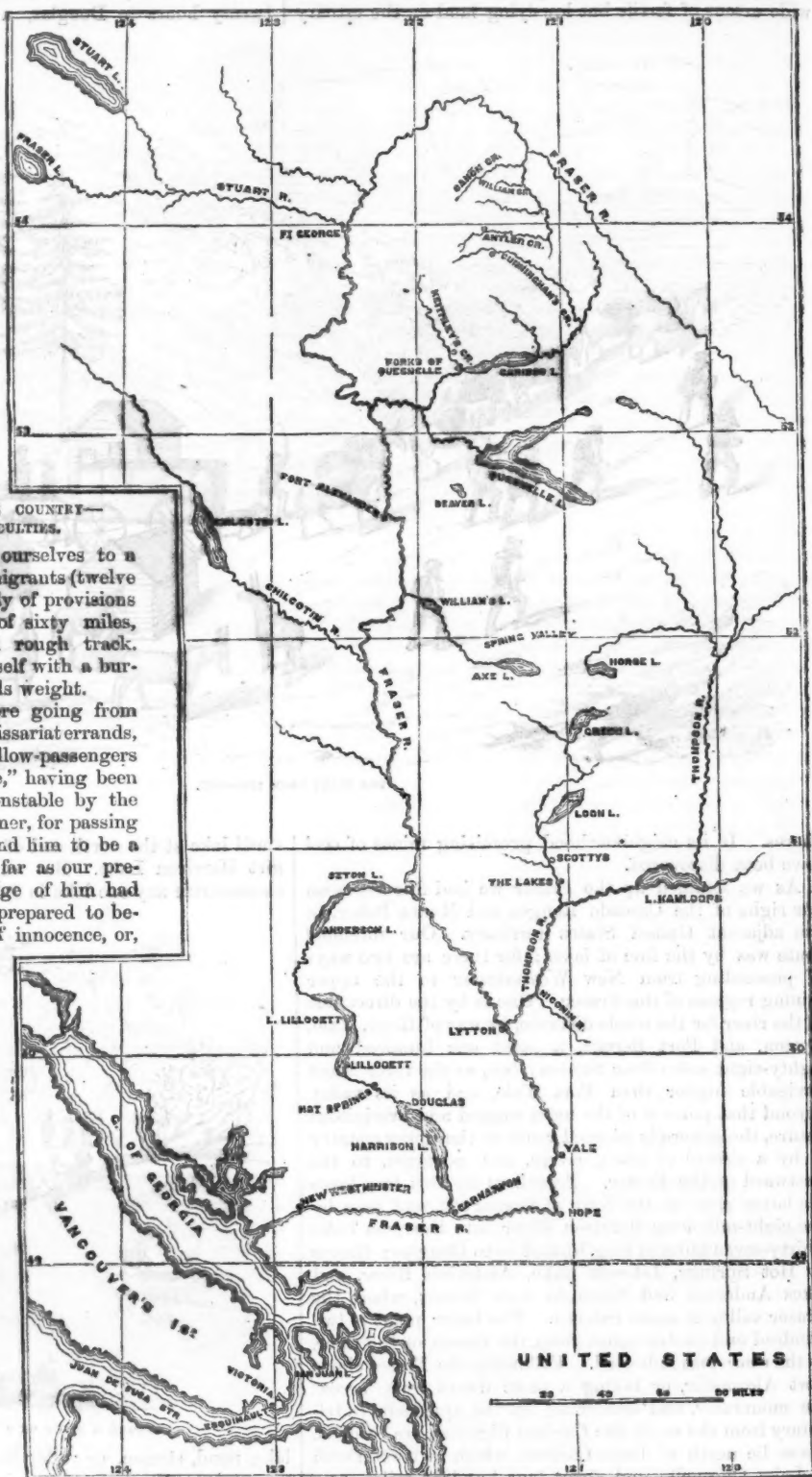
Douglas derives its local importance from its position, at the commencement of the usual land transit up the country. Its principal trade consists in supplying emigrants with provisions and mining necessities, and in forwarding such to the diggings. Hotels are springing up rapidly, such as, for instance, the "Columbia House" and "Cariboo Restaurant." Very recently a daily line of stages has been established, to run in connection with the steamers on Likooett and Anderson lakes; but this is since our visit, when the necessary roads were as yet not completed.

was found to be a good one after all. This led to general indignation against the barman, who was now fairly

VI.—OUR START UP THE COUNTRY—
PRELIMINARY DIFFICULTIES.

At Douglas we united ourselves to a party of digging-bound emigrants (twelve in all), and laid in a supply of provisions for a four days' march of sixty miles, over a mountainous and rough track. Each of us charged himself with a burden of about fifteen pounds weight.

Whilst some of us were going from store to store on our commissariat errands, we espied one of our late fellow-passengers from England "in trouble," having been given in charge of a constable by the bar-man of the river-steamer, for passing bad money. Having found him to be a good sort of a fellow, so far as our previous travelling knowledge of him had extended, we were quite prepared to believe his protestations of innocence, or, at any rate, of ignorance, as to the coin (a sovereign) being a counterfeit one. The constable, however, had no option but to take him to the gaol till the nearest magistrate could be called upon to investigate the charge. One of our number, from sympathy, requested to be permitted to keep his unfortunate friend company. This application was acceded to, and both were locked up in the very primitive log-built gaol for about an hour, when the magistrate arrived on the spot, and heard the statements of all parties concerned. On carefully examining the coin, it



THE ROUTE TO CARIBOO.

open to a suspicion of having brought the charge in order to extort money, with a view to a compromise through the fears of the accused.

All this occasioned considerable delay at starting; and, on rejoining the rest of our party and explaining that, in company with a friend, we had been inspecting "one of the government buildings," they were much surprised at such ill-timed gratification of curiosity, until we related more particularly the true reason of our detention.

We now set off on our march, but only walked eight miles that day, as the route was exceedingly steep and rugged, and the heat oppressive. At nightfall we pitched our tent beside a clear mountain stream, where, after a hearty supper of bread, bacon, and tea, we slept soundly, in spite of the swarms of mosquitoes which visited us during the night, and left indications of their attacks upon our limbs and faces. The next day we reached Hot Springs, so called from a stream of water which issues from the rocks here, and which is of a constant temperature too high to allow one's hand being dipped in it without scalding. At the inn here we enjoyed what our Yankee companions called a "square meal," of the generally characteristic fare of the colony, bacon and beans; the latter are abundantly imported in barrels from the States. Here, also, after our toilsome march, we indulged in a good wash, the only really cheap comfort obtainable in British Columbia.

Having further indulged in a meerschaum, we retired to our blankets for the night, and next morning, rising early, walked six miles before breakfast, between snow-covered pine-forested mountains, to Golledge Lake, where we rested during the mid-day heat (a common custom in America in summer). In the afternoon we proceeded to Lillooett by road, and a small steamer. Before reaching the latter we found our route interrupted by a rapid stream, fifty feet wide and four deep. Another party coming up, and having amongst them several Canadian woodmen, a tree was forthwith cut down, so as to fall athwart the river. Thus we crossed with our baggage dry. Several, however, were not so fortunate, but slipped into the stream; and one person narrowly escaped drowning, as the current was very strong. Subsequently, we frequently met with similar adventures.

VII.—LILLOEETT—A FRESH START.

On the third day from Douglas we arrived at Lillooett, a young town, finely situated on a plain surrounded by lofty mountains, snow-covered even at midsummer; for it was now the 14th of June. Some attempts at gold-mining were being carried on here, chiefly by Chinese: their earnings were about three dollars a day.

We here held a council respecting our further route; and, after being informed of the rugged and mountainous nature of the trails from here to Cariboo (two hundred and fifty miles distant), and also of the very high price of provisions further up the country, we determined to lay in a large stock of flour, bacon, and beans, and engage a team of seven horses for our now enlarged party of twenty comrades. We further hired the services of an experienced Californian packer, who undertook to accompany us and securely pack our supplies on the beasts from time to time, at a uniform charge of thirty cents (fifteen pence) per pound on the whole weight of baggage. At this rate we had each to disburse about forty-five shillings, in addition to our purchase-money for the provisions, and also after our former expenditure for the supplies at Douglas, much of which still remained. The prices here were thirty-five cents per pound for bacon, thirty cents per pound for beans, and twenty-five cents per pound for flour. Further up country charges

were still higher. An income of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, in British Columbia, will not nearly produce the comfort which one hundred pounds would in England.

We unanimously agreed to take the Brigade Route, or Middle Trail, as affording at intervals abundance of water, good camping-ground, and plenty of grass for the horses. The operation of packing a team of horses or mules with baggage requires great skill, and is a long and tedious affair. The average burden put on each horse is three hundred pounds weight. Besides provisions, our cooking utensils (obtained at Lillooett) were thus carried. Altogether we found our expenses here much greater than we had anticipated; and this is universally the experience of those who come to British Columbia.

The horses used for pack-trains are mostly bred on the mountains of Oregon and California; and, though very restive at the first imposition of a burden, soon become tractable and quiet, finding their efforts at throwing off their pack only result in weariness and blows. They are sold in San Francisco for about eight pounds each.

Our route from Lillooett lay across the mountains to the Fraser River valley, near Lytton; thence up the wild and awful ravines in the district of the Thompson River, passing Loon Lake; and thence north, near Green and Axe lakes, to William's Lake. This portion of our journey, being a distance of nearly two hundred miles, occupied sixteen days, Sundays not included, as we were truly glad of a Sabbath rest.

THE AWDRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XX.—PROGRESS.

"PEGGY," cried Dr. Vaughan, who, for any change perceptible about and around him, might have been sitting in his chair as Martin and Margaret left him after the interview described long ago, "come and give me a kiss, my child. I've seen nothing so pleasant as your face since I lost you."

"That's not very long since," said Margaret, laughing.

"Too long, Peggy; too long," said the Doctor. "I don't know how it is, but I can't do without you, trouble-some as you are. And now, where have you been, my birdie? and what have you done? Take off your bonnet and let me look at you."

Margaret threw off her bonnet and seated herself by his side, inquiring with due precision after every ailment in succession.

"Ah, mine's a failing body, Peggy, full of aches and twinges. You mustn't run away from me: I want to be taken care of and comforted, I can tell you. But, child, how pale you look, and your hand—it's quite feverish. You've been over-tiring yourself."

Margaret confessed that she had had but little rest since she had left home.

"Rest! no, of course. What rest are you likely to have while you go racketing about the world, exciting yourself about other people's concerns, instead of staying quietly with me? What time did you get home last night, pray?"

"Very late," said Margaret, not choosing to own that they had arrived by a very early morning train, and that she had left her companions in bed, having herself had but two or three hours' sleep since.

"Well, child, there have been fine disturbances going on in the green island—such stirring articles—very curious; but I was just saying to myself, before you

came, 'If I had but my little reader here, how we should enjoy this together.' Those precious priests have been setting them on to murder landlords, rob and plunder, and set the whole country in a blaze;" and again, as on a former occasion, he placed "The Times" newspaper before her.

"But you wanted to know where I had been, and what I had done," said Margaret.

"No, I didn't," said the Doctor, turning his head away. "You've been where you'd better not have been, and done what you'd better not have done; and I don't want to hear anything at all about it."

"You're all in a mistake," said Margaret. "I've been on your business chiefly."

"My business?" said the Doctor.

"Yes; and it's no wonder if I look tired and feel feverish. I've had a world of trouble," she replied.

"I don't believe a word of it," said the Doctor.

"As if that made the least difference to the truth," said Margaret. "Come, don't you want to know what it is?"

"Some mischief, I'll warrant."

"No. What you will bless me for on your dying day," she said, seriously.

Dr. Vaughan didn't like to hear of his dying day; and it was rather by a slip that Margaret used the words; but she had a happy dexterity even in turning slips to account. So, when she saw the corners of his mouth go down, as she couldn't recall the words, she repeated them with greater emphasis, saying, "Yes, dear friend, on your dying day; and I, on my dying day—and we know that both those days must come—shall be thankful for it too."

The Doctor's hand had lain over the side of his chair; but, as was his wont when vexed, he folded them together, and remained silent.

"Oh dear, I'm very tired," said Margaret; "and, if you do look so very cross, I'm sure I shan't be able to say half I have to tell you."

Up went the corners of the Doctor's mouth; so that, though he didn't speak, he looked more hopeful.

"Will you let me tell you what I've been doing for you, and listen patiently, and take it kindly, and say at the end I've been a good girl for my pains?"

"I believe you think you can make me say anything," said the Doctor, allowing her to take his hand.

"Well, then, knowing by my own heart how often yours must have been troubled about what can't be recalled, I determined when I left home to do what I have often longed to do if it were possible—fulfil a promise, and take a heavy weight off my heart."

"What had that to do with my business?" asked the Doctor.

"My promise was to poor Arthur," said Margaret, slowly, in reply.

The Doctor's hand trembled. He was silent; but Margaret waited her time and sat silent too, not releasing his hand.

"I told you never to mention his name to me," he said, at last. "Nobody but you would dare to do it."

"Then, of course, I'm the proper person," she replied.

"You are *not*!" he said, angrily. "You are the last that ought to fret and plague me."

"Truly; I admit that."

"Then why do you do it?"

"No help for it," said Margaret, with a sigh; "that is, if this subject will still fret and plague you."

"Still? I tell you it *always* will." And the Doctor took his hand away and folded it tight in the other, and looked much chafed.

"It will, until your conscience is at rest on it; then it will fret you no longer," said Margaret, seeing that her present time was that of bold advance.

"Conscience! what business have you with my conscience? A pretty topsy-turvy world it is getting, when a chit like you dares to preach to me about conscience!" and the Doctor regularly fumed with rage.

"Now the passion you put yourself into is a plain proof to me that I am right, and you know it," said Margaret, coolly.

"You're an ungrateful, presuming——" the Doctor began in the sputtering tone that came on him when strongly excited.

"Hush!" said Margaret: "you'll be so sorry for that presently. I am disappointed to find you in this humour. I hoped when I had told you that I had spent all yesterday, and nearly all the night, in truth, on your affairs, wishing also to save you from some bitter hours of useless repentance, you would listen in patience, at any rate; but I will go home and rest, and wait till you are more just and reasonable."

So saying, she rose and took up her bonnet, and began to tie it on.

The Doctor looked from under his shade to see what she was doing.

"Peggy, why will you vex me and make me say foolish things?" he cried, in a softened voice. "Put that *thing* down, and come and sit here again, and say what you like, only don't provoke me: you know I can't stand being provoked."

"But, if it provoke you to hear of *him*, how can I help it? for I don't want to talk of anything else now," said Margaret, standing irresolute, her bonnet-strings in her hand.

"Well, well, sit down, and get over with it as quick as you can," said the Doctor, determined to keep her on any terms.

"Then," she said, "by my last letter to my dear brother—you know I couldn't have loved a brother more——"

"No, no! no, no! Wonderful madness of infatuation, that he should have gone off and plunged into abominations, and married a pauper, when he might have been as happy as a man could possibly be. He should have had every farthing: I told him so. If he and you had been fixed together with me, you would have been son and daughter to me. Oh, it was very bad—very bad—madness, quite." And now the poor Doctor took to flapping his hands up and down on the arms of his chair, his usual mode of expressing any melancholy or despairing emotion.

"I am your daughter, and never by any possibility could have been made more truly so," said Margaret, tenderly, and reseating herself; "as to that little romance you are so fond of hatching up, about my being Arthur's wife, it never would have been, nor could have been a true story."

"And why not? Haven't you said over and over again you loved him?"

"Loved him! yes, and love him now, more than you can imagine."

"Then what was to hinder it? for I'm sure he loved you; no thanks to him for that."

"Yes, I know he did; and, if things are as I believe, he loves me now with a love you and I are unable to understand."

"Now don't, *don't*, Peggy, go into your fancies about things. How can we tell what happens? There, do go on, if you have anything to say;" and the ferment in the Doctor's manner warned her to be wary.

"I will," she replied; "I loved him as a brother and friend, and he me as a sister; but, as to marrying him, why, when he married Mary, I should as soon have thought of marrying you."

"Ah! if I'd been a young man, Peggy, and that had been possible, nobody else should have had you," said the Doctor, as if quite sorry he was a generation behind-hand.

"I don't see that it signifies much; I am quite as useful as a daughter, I'm sure," said Margaret.

"Ah! but how can I reckon on you, my bird? you'll be flying off with some one that has more sense than that unhappy boy had, and won't let you slip through his fingers, as he did."

"Don't be afraid that I shall ever get into such a tight clutch as that," said Margaret, laughing; "the very thought of it makes me rebellious."

"That's the reason I can't bear you to go away. I know it's very selfish; but how could I wonder at it if you were taken from me? And then, oh, Peggy, what would become of me?"

"Well, I have not been bird-limed this time, at any rate; and really, my dear old friend, I have so many children, I don't think I can afford to have a husband. Indeed, I don't think any knight would be so valorous as to undertake me, with all my miscellaneous family, beginning with Dr. Vaughan and going I don't know how far below Jacky Wilding."

The Doctor's mouth showed that this speech had gone far to conquer him. He held out his hand, saying, "Good girl, good girl; no, I don't think she'll ever desert me; I don't believe she will!"

"Take that for granted," said Margaret.

"But, Peggy," said the Doctor, "that young fellow Hedwig, the other day, he looked at you—I saw him; you can't think how he looked at you."

"Did he?" said Margaret; "well, that was all fair, because I could look at him again. But I can tell you worse than that: he looked at *you*, which was taking a mean advantage, because you couldn't look at him again without cricking your neck; but I don't think, poor fellow, he had any thought of marrying either of us."

The Doctor shook his head.

"Oh, I am so tired," said Margaret. "I promise you I will come straight to you with a key, and tell you to lock me up if any mortal should presume to think of carrying me off. Will *that* do? But let me—please let me go on?"

"Go on," said the Doctor, holding her hand as tight as his swollen fingers would allow him to do; for the picture of her loss, which he had conjured up, had filled him with apprehension, in spite of her assurances.

"Well, then, you made another mistake about our poor boy," she said. "He did not marry a pauper, but a lady—a genuine lady, with a sufficient fortune."

"She was a *pauper*," said the Doctor, angrily.

"She was *not*," said Margaret, firmly.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"From eye-witness, ear-witness, and personal knowledge—every way," said Margaret, who hoped the Doctor wouldn't sift too narrowly for the source of the evidence, seeing she had received all from the widow Hill, Mary's mother, during the night travel in the train; and, though she was satisfied of its truth, *he*, who had not seen them, might justly be excused from such easy faith.

But he did not question her; her voluminous answer completely settled, if it did not satisfy him, and he sat silent, waiting for more. "She was the daughter of a solicitor, who had secured to her and her mother a very

sufficient income, on which they were living comfortably when Arthur met with her."

"Then why did he write to ask you to take care of them—provide for them—as if they were paupers?" he asked, moodily.

"Because—you know how he became entangled with those men, and how his unsuspecting nature led him to trust them, to his own destruction."

"Unsuspecting! Don't tell me—don't soften things down in that way," cried the Doctor; "it only aggravates me. I tell you he was bent on mischief."

"Be it so, then. You can't be surprised, in that case, at his falling into it," said Margaret; "he *did*, anyhow, and spent their money; of his *own*, as he was entirely dependent on you, he had none."

"Then they are paupers now," said the Doctor.

"No," said Margaret, "they have met with a friend who loves the name of Vaughan too well to allow it to be reproached; who would share her last shilling with them rather than that the world should say, 'There is the pauper widow of Arthur Vaughan, who would have died in want but for the sacrifices she made for him.'"

There was a dead silence. Margaret, without moving, watched the Doctor till she saw tears trickle down his cheeks.

"You will love her dearly," she then said, gently.

"I *shan't*," said the Doctor, brushing away his tears. "I shall never see her."

"How *very* unkind, when I have spent so much time and trouble in finding her for you. Well, I must keep her for myself and to myself, then," said Margaret, who knew, nevertheless, that the siege was nearly at an end.

"Where is she?" asked the Doctor, but not as if he wished to know.

"At home at my house, where I brought her this morning; for we came by the night train, I was in such a hurry to tell you that now you might make yourself happy by fully forgiving my dear brother, and proving that you had, by taking his widow to your heart. Poor stricken thing! she has no need of more rough winds, and while I live she shall feel none."

"Come here, Peggy, come here," said the Doctor, fairly overcome. "You are my own child, and the best that ever lived. I will see her, but not to-day."

"No hurry," said Margaret; "the poor thing is wearied out with sorrow, and will be the better for a tranquil season now. But I have more to tell you about. I have seen Edward Fairfax;" for, having got her guardian into the right cue about Mary, she thought it better not to pursue that subject, believing that her gentle voice and lovely appearance and superiority of manner would most effectually win her way to his favour; for he was a great admirer of beauty and refinement, though he had so little of his own.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, I like him; and we are bound to pity and to help him, since he was first led into his miserable folly by our poor penitent boy, who did his best to reclaim him;—so far he extenuated his guilt."

"I believe it was old Fairfax that was at the bottom of that; he wouldn't give his son a proper allowance. *That* I heard, you know, from Oliver when I inquired."

"Yes; but I don't believe Oliver," said Margaret.

"Not Oliver? a man of the highest respectability! Come, come, that's rather too much."

"Oh, he is very respectable; but then people get such prejudices, and half stories instead of whole ones, and—and, altogether, I don't believe him," said Margaret.

"You don't?"

"No, and *won't*. I won't believe anything against Mr. Fairfax; Edward himself speaks of him with the greatest reverence."

"Is the match going on between him and Jessica?" asked the Doctor.

"I don't know; not yet, certainly."

"What! not now you have thrown away your money on her?"

"Money makes no difference: Mr. Fairfax cares nothing for that. But never mind about them; I am going to fetch Jessica soon, and——"

"Going!" exclaimed the Doctor, in consternation; "why, you have been."

"Yes, but I went off on other business, and left her behind; however, she will do very well where she is for the present. I must write and pacify them, and say I can't leave *you* to-day."

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Doctor, hurriedly; "and, Peggy, you'll dine here to-day?"

"Dine?" said Margaret; "that reminds me, I'm not sure that my friends at home have had any breakfast, for I left them asleep, and, if I don't go and look after them, they will surely be dinnerless; so good-bye now."

And, without giving him time to exact a promise of any kind, yet without doing it with apparent abruptness, she left him, congratulating herself on her diplomacy and its success.

As she was walking quickly, notwithstanding her excessive weariness, towards her house, she encountered Anne.

"Dear miss," said Anne, "where *have* you been, to get so dusty? Nobody ever would believe that this dress was new on a week ago."

"Travelling, Anne, and doing all sorts of things—wonderful things, that nothing short of my three flounces could have carried me through. Come to-morrow, for I have two ladies with me, who depend wholly on you for *doing up*."

Anne willingly promised, but stood to watch Margaret down the street, wondering much how a lady like Miss Awdrie, who had so much time and money to spend upon looking nice, should be so little the better for it. "Really, if she wasn't such a dear, excellent, good creature as she is, I should say she didn't deserve to have it," she mentally exclaimed. "And to think how nice that skirt did look! Well, she isn't a bit like that sweet, pretty lady in the book, now, at any rate; *how* she had tied her bonnet!" And she ruminated as to whether some serious remonstrance should not be made, not knowing the ordeal to which the skirt and bonnet-strings had been exposed.

LONDON NIGHT NOISES.

Of all the plagues incidental to a residence in London, it is doubtful if there is any single one more afflictive to a person not blessed with perfect health, and who cannot command sleep at will, than the various night noises which war against his peace. The disturbers of London's slumbers—and their name is legion—enjoy a glorious liberty, in which they seem to revel and delight, no man interfering to meddle with their privilege. It was not always so. In ancient times the "peace of the city" was held to signify, among other things, "the quiet of the city" at night, when quiet was considered necessary to repose. There was a law in force in Queen Elizabeth's time, and even later, in virtue of which any person making a noise in the streets after nine o'clock in the

evening was taken into custody, committed to durance by the guardians of the night, and brought up for examination next morning. We have changed all that—not entirely, it is submitted, to the advantage of the community.

The awful affliction sometimes occasioned by night noises is only known by those who in sickness have had to suffer them, or by their surrounding friends, who at such times strain every nerve to prevent them. There can be small doubt that their tolerance in the metropolis occasions the loss of many valuable lives every year. Vain is the care of the nurse, worthless the skill of the physician, against the uproar and din without, which tortures the shattered nerve, or maddens the fevered brain. Cobbett, in his Autobiography, gives us a touching instance of his own determinate stand against this plague. His wife, whom he dearly loved, lay in an alarming state; the crisis of her disorder had arrived, and the physician told him that, if she could not get sleep that night, she would die. But how was she to sleep while fifty dogs were prowling the streets and barking all night long in the neighbourhood? He resolved that she should at any rate have quietness. Gathering a large heap of pebbles at a convenient spot, he filled a bag with as many as he could carry, and at night he sallied out to pelt off the dogs from the neighbourhood of his house. Driving them first from one street, he then rushed down another, hurling his stones at the brutes whenever they advanced. All the weary night he laboured at this self-appointed task, encouraged by the thought that he was doing the best he could. When at length the morning dawned, and his bag of missiles need no longer be replenished, he returned to his home, and had the supreme satisfaction of learning that his wife had slept undisturbed for several hours, and that all danger was past. This occurred in New York; but we have known exertions of an analogous kind to be made in London with the same view, but, alas! too often without the same success.

The catalogue of London night noises would fill a pretty large sheet. Among them, perhaps the most tolerable, because the most difficult to be dispensed with, is that occasioned by the street traffic on wheels; though why that should continue at the rate it does, up to midnight and long after, it is hard to conceive. We have an Early Closing Society for shopmen, clerks, and handicraftsmen; but nobody dreams of extending the principle of that society to carmen, carriers, and drivers of vehicles of all grades. We are affectionately exhorted not to shop after seven o'clock; but we don't scruple to receive the goods bought before seven, though they be delivered many hours after. The noise of traffic, however, the roar and rumble of wheels, is in some districts of London—all along the main commercial thoroughfares, for example—so regular and constant in its recurrence and nightly continuance, as to have been for ages the normal state of things. To the dwellers in these localities habit has made the continuous noise not only an indifferent matter, but, in some cases, a sort of necessity; for we have heard people declare, after living for twenty years in such districts, that they could sleep much better amid the noises to which they are accustomed than they can without them; and they tell us further, that, when the traffic ceases some time in the small hours, their rest is disturbed by the cessation, and they are awoken by the sudden quiet, just as others would be by a sudden noise. Nature abounds in compensations of all kinds, and we take it this is one for which the pent-up citizen may be thankful.

There is one class of noises, and a most annoying

class too, which dwellers in London may be said to inflict upon each other. These are the nocturnal utterances of dogs, cats, cows, cocks, and, in some places, donkeys, which people keep for convenience or for petting. Kicking horses in stables are also disturbers of rest. Every man's house is his castle; and some people seem to think that every man's back garden is his farm-yard or menagerie. Alderney cows are kept in London by the heads of large families, for the sake of their milk; there are two within hail of our own domicile, and the dismal boo-coo-ing they make at night is at times enough to depress the merriest heart. Fowls are kept everywhere—in areas, in cellars, in fore-courts, and on roofs, as well as in verandahs and back-gardens; and the crowing of the cock is heard in all places and at all hours of the night. Chanticleer is a sad pest to the wakeful invalid; and the misfortune is, that he is one of those nuisances which all your efforts generally fail to put down. A nervous invalid of our acquaintance once applied formally to the magistrates, and moved the abatement of a super-sonorous cock. She was courteously informed that there was no remedy at law: her only resource was to persuade her neighbour to get rid of the bird, if she could. She tried persuasion in vain; but, fortunately, a friend suggested a new method, which the proprietor of the bird consented to try. At night, when the bird went to roost, his cage was curtained, and the light carefully excluded; from that time forth he ceased to crow until liberated in the morning: we mention this fact for the benefit of others similarly plagued. It would seem, however, from a recent decision in the Croydon County Court, that if a cock is really outrageous, and persists in crowing against all rule and precedent, the law has power to put him down. In May 1863 a gentleman in Surbiton sought the protection of the Court against a cock, which stood "as high as an umbrella," which woke up his family in the dead of the night, and had the effrontery to crow, in a very hoarse voice, "forty times in a quarter of an hour," and that so loud as to be heard nearly a mile off. In this case the magistrate gave a rather remarkable decision, on the ground that the cock in question was not the ordinary classical bird—

"The cock that is the trumpet of the morn,
Who, with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
Awakes the god of day,"

but an "extravagantly canorous" bird, fitter to be called the disturber of the night than the harbinger of day. On this ground the magistrate cast the owner of the huge feathered rowdy in the penalty of five pounds and costs.

Among the dogs and cats there is a pretty large percentage in London who lose their lives through indulgence in night noises. Cats are wired in their runs along garden walls, and then drowned in pails of water; they are knocked on the head with sticks, killed by Scotch terriers, and shot down with air-guns. The annoyance from stray dogs is not nearly so great as from animals which are petted and allowed in the house during the day, but turned out in the garden at night, where they bark, howl, and whine the whole night through. This is the pest of the London suburbs. Nocturnal donkeys are happily rare; but, when they do occur, they atone for their scarcity by the prodigious character of their performance. Their serenading, it is said, may be prevented by the simple method of attaching a four or five pounds weight to the extremity of their tails; if they cannot erect their tails, they cannot, or will not, bray.

A comparatively new class of night noises, which our fathers knew nothing about, but which has been growing

up within the last thirty years, is increasing rapidly at the present time, and is destined to increase at a still more rapid rate ere we are many years older, are the railway noises in London. Of course we live close to a railway. Where is the Londoner who does not? or where will he be in a year or two's time, when all the railways with which the metropolis is to be gridironed, above ground and below, are brought to completion? Up to eleven o'clock at night we do not hear the trains which rush past our dwellings twice every quarter of an hour; and, though the windows of the room in which we write are rattled by them a hundred times a day, we are not aware of their passage unless we watch for it. Habit has done for us, with the railway traffic, what it has done for the dweller in Cheapside with the street traffic—it passes us unregarded. But in the night, when the regular traffic has ceased, the case is widely different. After a dead calm of an hour or so, and just as you are dropping off into your first sleep, comes a ponderous luggage-train, with sixty trucks or thereabouts, drawn by a couple of engines. Bang, crash, rattle, shriek, and roar succeed each other, while the bed rocks as you lie in it, and the windows clatter as in a tempest; then the long train of trucks whirls rumbling past, and there is quiet once more. Well it is if you go to sleep, for in half an hour there is a repetition of the performance, or perhaps it does not come for an hour; or, instead of it, there is some shunting business going on at the station, and that is got through with a succession of bangings and bumpings enough to deafen you. Then there is a calm again; but about two or half-past you are entertained by a succession of alternate shriek-whistles and the hollow bustard-like hooting of the break signals; and finally, which is not much before three o'clock, when the locomotives have done their day's work, you hear them coughing and panting, and puffing and hissing, blowing off their superfluous steam for some twenty minutes or so ere they subside into repose.

Among the incidental night noises (those not regular in their occurrence) are the din and tumult consequent upon the break-up of late theatres, casinos, dancing-saloons, and the winter parties of the gentry in fashionable neighbourhoods—all of which are more or less characterized by the shouting, bawling, and squabbling of drivers, the clatter of horse-hoofs, and the brawls of quarrelsome people. It requires a full hour, on the average, for the subsidence of a nocturnal turn-out from such places. But there is a worse plague in the suburbs, prevailing especially in the summer season, and often lasting through the whole night. This is the disgorgement from the suburban public-houses, which, beginning about twelve o'clock, and going on up to two and after, despatches consecutive bands of drunken wretches along the road to town. They make night hideous by their roaring, shrieking, and blaspheming, and often by the sound of brutal blows, followed by the cry of "Murder!" from a female voice. These parties are the dregs of the London community; they repair to the low taverns of the outlying districts for the express purpose of getting drunk; they booze, and brawl, and bellow in horrible choruses, "We won't go home till morning;" and a round number of them keep their fearful threat, and don't go home till morning. All night, at intervals, one hears these disgusting gangs swaggering and yelling along; and hundreds of times have we been aroused from profound sleep by this most detestable of all disturbances. It is vain to appeal to the police for protection from the nuisance; the police never interfere to prevent or abate the noise, but quietly tolerate the pest so long as it

"moves on;" if there is a stoppage they do their best to restore the movement, and if there is a fight, they will capture the fighters—if they can. Otherwise, they do not interfere with the liberty of the drunken subject to annihilate the repose of the virtuous citizen. It may be asked how it is possible for the law to protect the citizen from such a serious affliction as this often proves. The answer is, that, if the publican were heavily fined for turning a drunken man out of his house, the nuisance would rapidly abate itself: a host who was compelled to retain his drunkards in his own dwelling until they were sober would be careful not to make them drunk—at any rate, if he did make them so, he would find it a losing game to turn them forth into the night.

It is said there is nothing in existence which man cannot utilize if he choose; and it is upon record that even the noise at night in London streets has been turned to a practical purpose.

Some years ago a house in the heart of the city was broken into and plundered in the dead of night. No one slept in the house, the proprietor locking the door when he left in the evening, and trusting to the fancied security of a patent lock. In the morning the door was found open, the lock smashed to shivers, and a considerable amount of property had vanished. The mystery was, how the lock could have been shattered by so tremendous a blow as it must have received without the neighbours being alarmed. A man who was lying ill at the next house declared he had not slept all night, and yet he had not heard the crash that drove in his neighbour's door. The case was a complete puzzle, until it was recollected that, shortly before two in the morning, a cart had driven along the street laden with long bars of iron, with half their length projecting over the tail-board, and producing so portentous a jangle and clatter as to drown all other sounds. It was concluded, therefore, that the thief had waited for the coming of this cart, and, acting on the principle laid down by Lord Byron, that "all noise is stilled by a still greater noise," had struck the single sledge-hammer blow that crushed the lock, exactly at the moment when the iron clamour was at the highest. Whether the noisy bar-laden cart was the inventive expedient of the ingenious burglar to meet that special case did not appear; indeed, we are not aware that so much was even conjectured.

Almost all the thoroughfares of London are open to the invasion of lumbering machines of every kind at all hours of the night, without let or hindrance. It is at night that traction-engines try their paces on the stones; at night the ponderous iron girders, for which there would be no room to pass in the day, are lugged on massive wains, drawn by a score or two of horses, to the railway stations and bridges and viaducts in course of construction. Some time back, while wending homewards in the small hours, we were alarmed by a thudding, grinding, thunderous din, which seemed advancing towards us like a travelling earthquake, shaking the solid ground. As it drew near we recognised it as a park of heavy artillery, traversing the peaceful streets by virtue, probably, of some order from the Ordnance Office, in the dead of night. Less pleasant to meet are the herds of horned cattle, which, roused up from their lairs, one encounters on the Sunday night, or rather in the first hours of Monday morning, on their way to the New Cattle Market: their dreary bellowing is among the least agreeable of the night noises which afflict the northern Londoner, as he lies listening to them perforce in his bed. Occasionally it will happen, for we have witnessed it, that some over-driven beast breaks down on his way to

the market, and can go no farther; in that case he will be slaughtered in the street, and the dwellers near will be disturbed by his dying cries and groans—the owner killing him, as the phrase goes, to save his life, that is, to save his flesh for the dead-meat market.

We said that *most* of the London thoroughfares lie open to the night noises; fortunately for a small section of the community, that is not the case with all. In certain districts the owners of the land have leased it on conditions which preserve to it somewhat of the character of a private estate, which exists like a peaceful preserve in the midst of a wilderness of disturbance. In these privileged districts no omnibus is allowed to run; cabs only travel to certain parts, and have no thoroughfare through them; costermongers never yell out their cries, nor do organs grind their ditties by day; while neither rowdy mobs nor bellowing cattle penetrate by night. These inclosed districts are fenced off, and their approaches are sentinelled during the whole of the twenty-four hours by warders in livery, having a kind of watch-box for their accommodation. Happy are the citizens thus shielded from riot in all its forms; they can sleep in peace, and in periods of sickness need not fear the clamour of drunken mobs.

In the present neglect of this matter of night noises by the authorities who control the metropolis the public are left almost without remedy. It is a comfort, however, that, as we have seen, in the case of regular noises, habit and use harden us against their effect, and in time they cease to annoy us. We were once intimate with an artist whose painting-room overhung the weirs of a broad river, where the water tumbled everlastingly in dense volume down a fall of seven feet. The noise, of course, was tremendous, but the painter never heard it, save when his attention was specially called to it. He could hear a pin drop at the far end of the room, but not the rushing cataract; he spoke in the gentlest voice, and was always clearly heard by his guests, while they could scarcely hear one another, bawl as loud as they would. The reason was, that the artist, from long use, had the habit of talking in a different key or note to that produced by the falling water, while strangers naturally took up the same note. Sir Walter Scott records a similar fact in his tale, "Anne of Gierstein." But though custom may inure us to the regular noises, the plague of the incidental ones above described remains to be dealt with. What remedy to suggest we hardly know; but it is unquestionably no more than justice to us Londoners that the quiet of our night should be undisturbed; and it is as unquestionable, too, that many of the noisy and afflicting nuisances to which we are now compelled to submit might be put down by some simple police regulations bearing upon them.

We have been led to write on this subject by the perusal of a pamphlet entitled "London Noises, disturbing Sleep," by Dr. Aldis, Medical Officer of Health to St. George's, Hanover Square (Churchill and Sons). Dr. Aldis states that since his appointment he has received numerous complaints, as people think it natural that they should appeal to the Medical Officer in every matter that concerns their health. But the Medical Officer has no power in such cases; and, where the police also cannot interfere, there is no remedy, except, in the first instance, an appeal to neighbourly courtesy to abate any special nuisance, and then an appeal to public opinion to induce legislative enactment on the general question. Meanwhile this notice of the subject may help to warn the unwary, before taking a house, to examine the surroundings, lest life should be embittered, or even shortened, by sleep-disturbing noises.